

ground in argument; whose orations against that monarch were as so many armies. By Quæstor Cicero attained to that eminence—that authority, which makes us in these days read his account of Demosthenes. Work, slave to the lamp of genius, produced the painting, prose, which created an era in the world, and a revolution in the human mind. Work, subservient to skill, fashioned the steam-engine, and has so, in respect of consumption of time in travelling, increased the duration of our life sevenfold. Work, toiling under science, has given us the electric telegraph, and, as to time lost in distant intercommunication, has rendered life comparatively infinite. It is enough thus to exemplify work. It was still work that made Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Wykeham, Wren, Harvey, Reynolds, and a thousand more; that made our greatest divines, lawyers, generals, statesmen, and Peel, the illustrious patron of the arts, now, alas! gone; and it is work only that will immortalise this association by means of the future fame and honour of its members.

Having attained self-denial and industry, we come to the necessity (6thly) of patience and care. I mean by patience, the faculty of not being discouraged by those disappointments which must attend our course—of not being disgusted by a want or supposed want of appreciation of our early efforts, ever remembering that the fault may be on our own side—of not only not being discouraged nor disgusted, but of continuing, enduring, persevering: that is what I call patience in the study of art. How many of us have entered into competitions, and been once, twice, thrice disappointed? How many of us have yet again tried, and may have—I hope some of us, at least,—succeeded! But if we have not succeeded yet, can we ever hope to, by leaving off at the point where we failed? By saying, as we have heard some do, "It is no use trying!" These are desperate words. If a man wished to climb a mountain—if it were actually necessary for him to do so—if halfway up he encountered an obstacle, and he endeavoured once, twice, thrice to pass it, ought he, with the light still shining on the peak, and the darkness gathering behind him, ought he to turn back, or to make a fourth, a fifth effort? Yet, if he could not proceed, it were still something to maintain the same position: despair not only prevents our progress, but renders useless our previous march; and there is a certain invisible hand that assists the persevering, that helps the fallen to rise again, if he will. Are we not liable to be misled by our own youthful fire? and is it not, therefore, possible that we may want at times controlling, even partly quenching by transient disappointment? Disappointment should be the discipline, not the death of the spirit. Disappointment should arm, not despoil. Disappointment should leave us real power by stripping us of what is assumed. How it should do all this, is simply by re-animating our industry, like a giant refreshed with wine, and making us determined by energy to succeed. By care I mean the faculty of criticising our own works—of correcting them—of using the file of labour before it is assumed by others. We shall not then have to reproach ourselves with indulging conceit or negligence: we shall not, so far as our power could prevent it, send them naked, or blind, or lame, into the harsh world of criticism, to be buffeted, to stumble, or to limp. And this care is absolutely indispensable to greatness: we owe it as a duty to ourselves and to the world—as a necessity to our usefulness. It is delightful to see how our great men have exercised the virtues we speak of; to mark how Newton, the same man who, without passion, sat down at once to begin afresh the cherished work his dog had destroyed; how Newton fought his way against an opposition, as bigoted of its kind, as was that offered at an earlier period to Galileo; to observe, in the poems of Pope, that wonderful polish—in the designs of Wren and Hearn, that maturity of finish which can alone result from careful self-criticism and close attention. In a word, this care is the presence of mind in the artist as respects his art, and

without it the highest genius is likely to become erratic. We know that to correct a favourite work, a work associated with the midnight oil, accounted a chief work, a king of works in our estimation, is most deeply irksome; but it must be done, and the more in proportion to our own esteem of it.

The next necessity to the right study of art is (7thly) the possession of purpose and principle. Some might wonder what these could possibly have to do with it; but on what ground? What is the use of a man without a purpose, of a work that has no leading idea, of a life without an aim? Why, they are not only useless, but absolutely injurious. A man may very naturally say that his purpose is to get a living, which is, so far, a very necessary and a very good one. But is there nothing beyond, nothing unselfish, nothing of advantage to others? The purpose of that true artist whom we have said to love, to devote himself to his art, will be to elevate that art as much as possible, to give it a dignity and majesty, to render it of active and permanent influence in the world. He would say to his art, "Thou art mine, and I am thine." "I will serve thee truly, and thou shalt enrich my mind; I will make thee queen, and thou shalt ennoble me." But supposing such a man to have still higher views, supposing him to be conscious of the effect of his art, and of his own power in its exercise,—his purpose would be to use it as a mode of lifting, purifying, and adorning minds less gifted than his own; he would find himself in the position of a teacher of his race; he would now say to his art, "Thou shalt be a queen, not to ennoble me, but to bless others, and my reward shall be the sense of a fulfilled duty;" and thus, feeling the requirements of his position, he would work in a double strength. Thus, too, we see that the attainment of a right purpose immensely assists the development of art, while its exercise becomes not only a mere means of self-existence, but an actual benefit to the mental, eye, and perhaps moral life of others. Need we adduce Milton as an example of a man with a purpose in his art? We know what that was, as he expresses it, "to justify the ways of God to man," and we know how wonderfully for a man he succeeded. Now, cannot an architect have a purpose and express it? Is his art, an art capable of material sublimity and beauty, alone to be shut out from the place of an instructress? We know it is not. Who has not felt more civilised by the contemplation of some beautiful public building? Who ever entered one of our cathedrals without feeling exceedingly small, not to say insignificant—a mere nonentity—as regards himself, and more than usually elevated to the contemplation of his Creator? It is here that architects have the power to teach. It is in this manner, by the use of the sublimity and usefulness of your art, that you can execute the very loftiest and best purpose: it is by making matter the expression of your own pure and devoted mind, that you can render it a power over minds that are impure and undevoted: it is the love you may throw into your labour, the holy thought that you may impress upon it, the spiritual life that you may breathe on it, that shall be for love, and thought, and life to the minds of others; that shall raise them and exalt you; that shall exalt them and lift you up for ever as servants of the truth:—yes, it is by your work that beauty and grandeur may be sent as ambassadors to the outcast mind, and say, "We are what we are in the name and for the glory of God; we stand before you as witnesses of His truth!"

Principle is to the artist what purity is to his work. It is certainly not impossible for an unprincipled mind to produce a great thing; but still we cannot but feel that the prevalence of anything base, mean, or unworthy in the mind, will, unless we must consider art purely mechanical (which it is not), extend an unhappy influence to a man's work. We know that this is so in literature, where the most definite expression exists: we know of works wonderful enough in their power, which are the cause of thousands, and befoul half those who read them. And though in architecture this bad expression is

almost impossible, because while, by a strange anomaly, men were allowed to write indecorous, they would never be permitted to embody them in stone; although it is impossible, yet the absence of principle leads often to a coldness and carelessness—it induces the sort of fraud, by which a man builds his work improperly to save his own gold, and in this way injures the art, and brings contempt upon it. Therefore, if these things arise from the lack of principle, am I not right in insisting on its presence in the true artist? On a matter like this it is not well to dogmatise, but we may assert, as a general rule, that a pure morality is of immense advantage by itself—of unbounded power when associated with genius. For if we grant that a man may without it attain the summit of excellence in art,—though one can see many obstacles likely to arise from vice, many drawbacks from dissipation and waste of time,—if we grant that, it is nevertheless obvious that such a man, being unprincipled, would use his power not for life, but for destruction—the destruction of himself and others. He would be as the giant who could impiously hurl a rock against the heavens higher than could any other being; and like the same giant, he would be slain by the fall of that rock, the swifter, the deadlier, from the greater elevation it had attained.

From this we are led to the consideration of another necessity (8thly), that of honour and sense of responsibility. There is no principle we all more cherish than our honour; and it is evident you must agree with me in the influence of it, both in the study and practice of art. For whatever tends to banish jealousy and detraction from among the followers of art, and thus to unite them, must necessarily be to us benefit, because it is the cause of strength. There can be no doubt that an honourable feeling towards each other—a liberality which allows of mutual assistance—a generosity that can not only bear another's advancement, but also aid to bring it about—these are things of the greatest importance. If space suffice I might dilate on the noble rivalry of Cicero and Hortensius, and of a thousand other mighty antagonists, to prove what is here asserted. But as it cannot be well disputed, and there remains no need to argue, let us consider the practical worldly advantage of honour to the architectural art. It appears to me to be, or that it ought to be, a main security against professional theft. In the literary profession, a man who should plagiarise even the work of the dead, is sure to encounter reproof. Though we should be glad to give others the benefit of our ideas, it is not right that they merely repeat them, because that is an injury to art. In architecture you seem to have, independent of honour, no security against the grossest imitation: so that it follows, if a man's honour prevent him stealing the ideas of others, that he must work for himself, invent for himself; and that honour prevents indolence, increases labour, enlarges independence of thought, and leads to an increased action to the whole profession. There is also an honour a man owes to himself. Some, having raised a building at their outset, build six more exactly like it—copy themselves; which is often the case in ecclesiastical architecture. Here, then, is a decrease of art in the individual: let us extend this practice, and we shall have a decrease of art in general. Only imagine a man publishing the same book seven times over, with but an alteration of the title! And yet we sometimes find built by the same man the castle of indolence, the tower of sloth, the palace of idleness, the temple of dreams, the house of slumber, the abode of laziness, and the fortress of sleep—all of them singularly expressive of their titles—six of them superfluous, and raised in direct opposition to public right and private honour. We now come to the necessity of a sense of responsibility—the keystone in our arch of necessities. In what has been previously urged this was so plainly suggested, that there remains little to express. We have said that care in our works was owed as a duty to the public—that with respect to purpose, a right regard of our powers of public instruction was owing to the source whence